

Big Daddy Kane, Rest In Peace

[Preacher]

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today
for this somber occasion
Please join us in the mourning of this U-47
It was a great microphone in it's day
until it met it's fate
One evening while it was in the studio
it was struck by the lyrical force of the Big Daddy Kane
So ashes to ashes, and dust to dust
May this microphone, rest, in peace..

[Big Daddy Kane]

Knock knock, guess who? Yes, ooh
The Bigger the B, the Iggah the I,
the Jigga the G is comin through
Yes I'm the one with clout, they're all talkin bout
To be frank, I have the flavor like sauerkraut
The microphone assassinator and furthermore
I murdered plenty rappers and believe that I'll murder more
So if you ask to give the Kane a go
You better treat me like drugs, and Just Say No
Because I utilize my skills to brutalize
And in a battle, man you should see what I do to guys
Whenever the mic's mine, I'll rock a hype rhyme
and come off, like dirty panties at nighttime
Cause any mic that I caress, I finesse
with zest, and just bless, best yet to progress
King Asiatic, no other rapper stands this
You couldn't be a King if you played hockey in Los Angeles
I gets pi-daid, top gri-dade, gotta admit ey
point blank, the kid's stri-daight
Cause when it comes to R-A-P-P-I-N, huh
I got it locked up like a bullpen